

The Tragedie

If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries coarſe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe,

La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by Saint Paul,
He make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes.

Gen. My Lord ſtand backe and let the coffin paſſe.

Glo. Vnmaner'd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breaſt,
Or by Saint Paul He ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuel.

Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of hell,
Thou haſt but power ouer his mortall bodie,

His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not ſo curſt.

La. Foule diuel, for Gods ſake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happie earth thy hell:

Fild it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes,

If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,

Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead Henries wounds,

Open their congeald mouths and bleed afreſh.

Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foule deformitie,

For tis thy preſence that exhales this blood

From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.

Tay deed inhumane and vnnaturall,

Prouokes this deludge moſt vnnaturall.

Oh God, which this blood madſt, reuenge his death:

Oh earth which this blood drinkſt, reneges his death:

Either heauen with lightning ſtricke the murderer dead

of Richard the third.

Orearth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doeſt ſwallowe vp this good kings blood,
Which his. Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.

Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes,

La. Villanne, thou knowſt no law of God nor man:
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pittie.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.

La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are ſo angry,
Vouchſafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquite my ſelfe.

La. Vouchſafe deſuſed infection of a man,
For theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leiſure to excuſe my ſelfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe currant, but to hang thy ſelfe.

Glo. By ſuch diſpare I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.

La. And by diſparing ſhouldſt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe,
Which didſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diueliſh ſlaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is aliue.

Glo. Nay, he is dead and ſlaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy foule throat thou lyeſt. Queene Margret ſaw
Thy bloody ſaulchion ſmoking in his blood,
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breaſt,
But that thy brother beat aſide the poynt.

Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlanderous tongue
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders.

La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheries.

Didſt thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant yee.

B